

THE WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Generally fair, with probable local showers; southeasterly winds.

Bishop Potter, far away beyond the Atlantic, responds to a query from the Journal by declaring with patriotic emphasis that if he is asked to arbitrate the questions at issue in the great coal miners' strike, he will recross the ocean to do his duty as a citizen and a friend of humanity.

In Indiana the State Board of Labor Commissioners has invited like boards in the neighboring States of Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania to a conference, with a view to devising some means for adjusting the questions at issue between miners and operators without allowing the strike to be fought to its cruel and ruinous conclusion.

The Journal has called upon the National Administration to take the initiative in bringing this grave industrial quarrel within the scope of civilized methods of adjustment. It has been urged by some that no authority is vested in the President to take action in the premises. But the President, whoever he may be, is the first citizen of the nation. His voice reaches to every State and every hamlet, from Casco Bay to the Rio Grande. If he as citizen invite a commission of his fellow-citizens to act as arbitrators in this industrial quarrel, neither side will venture to refuse to submit its case nor to decline to hold itself bound by the decision.

Compulsory arbitration cannot be forced upon either operators or miners. Bishop Potter cannot be vested with other than merely advisory powers. If the several State Commissions take united action no one can exert any authority outside of its own State, and indeed most of them have nothing more than advisory powers in their own commonwealths.

In short, it is the moral force which the arbitrators can exert rather than any arbitrary powers which might be conferred upon them by law which will give effect to their findings. President McKinley cannot fail behind Bishop Potter in patriotism. He must be heartily willing to reinforce a movement in which are engaged the foremost citizens of the nation by giving it the countenance and co-operation of the President of the United States.

After a debate of a little more than six weeks the Senate has passed its version of the Tariff bill and sent it to the House. Thence the two bills will go to a conference committee, where, there is every reason to believe, agreement will speedily be reached.

The vote in the Senate shows no surprises. The bill passed by a vote of 38 to 28. Eight Senators on each side were paired. With the thirty-five Republicans in favor of the bill voted two silver Republicans, Jones, of Nevada, and Mantle, and one Democrat, McEnery, of Louisiana. The latter Senator seems to be in the curious position of a statesman without a party. An opponent of the Chicago ticket and platform, he can hardly be considered a Democrat according to present standards, nor can he declare allegiance to the Democracy of 1892 and Clevelandism, for he is avowedly a protectionist. Besides the presence of McEnery among the protectionists, the absence from that side of all the Populists was curious, as the People's party has always favored protection. Yesterday, however, five of the Populist Senators and two silver Republicans refrained from voting. In opposition to the bill besides the Democrats were two Populists, Harris, of Kansas, and Turner, and Senator Cannon, silver Republican.

To-day the House will receive the bill from the Senate, appoint its conference committee, and the final work will begin. It is probable that the conference will be short. Though the Senate bill differs materially from that prepared by the House—particularly in the sugar, wool and hides schedules, and in its imposition of a tax on stock and bond transfers—the rulers of the House have been kept apprised of the changes and the reasons for them, and are not likely to long delay legislation. The sugar schedule more than all the others will prove a subject of contention, for the members of the House, being closer to the people, appreciate how general is the antagonism and disgust it has awakened.

Eight months ago the people were saying that the Republicans would give the nation a "moderate tariff." Now they offer one which outdoes in its measure of taxation any the United States has ever endured. Two months ago we pinned our faith to the prophecy that the Senate would cut down the duties imposed by the House. It has raised them. The charges which will be effected in the conference committee will be trivial, and within a few weeks the country will begin its experiment with a protective tariff beside which the famous McKinley law was moderation itself.

With the utmost sympathy the Journal extends its condolences to its esteemed, if erratic contemporary, the World. The habitually luckless man in the comic opera who always sat in the broken chair, if there was only one in the house, and always took the wrong road, however plainly the guide post pointed to the right one, must have left the stage and gone to editing under a golden dome.

Here, just for example, is the case of the man Thorn, arrested yesterday for the murder of William Guldensuppe—who, by the way, the World long claimed was not dead at all. For days our contemporary has been following Thorn with the pertinacity and accuracy of a bloodhound, fresh from an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show. July third the World learned that Thorn and Mrs. Nack, carrying part of the bloody relics of their crime, drove in a surrey to Cliffside, N. J. Thence our contemporary's unparalleled detective bureau tracked Thorn to Saratoga, Troy and Montreal. "World Reporters Followed the Trail of Thorn and Mrs. Nack in the Same Surrey," cried our contemporary in the blackest of head letters. "The World, through its correspondents and reporters, has traced Thorn from this city to Saratoga, thence to Troy and thence to Montreal, where he went with the avowed intention of taking a steamer for Europe," it continues.

Yet, curiously enough, Thorn, who was captured in New York, despite the World's pertinacity in sending him abroad, had not been to Saratoga, Troy, Montreal or Europe. He didn't go driving in a surrey to Cliffside, N. J. Indeed, he left undone everything that the World said he had done, and his inconsiderate behavior off our contempor-

porary with a record for blundering unequalled in journalistic annals.

Sincerely we offer our condolences to the World. Its luck is certainly deplorable. If it turned up an ace at whist somebody would surely discover it had been altered from a three spot especially for that occasion.

USEFUL  
FOURTH OF  
JULY ORATORY.

Every reader of Monday's speeches throughout the country must be impressed by the absence from them of that youthful cheerfulness, that soaring optimism which used to be the characteristic quality of Fourth of July oratory. The orators are as patriotic as ever, as reverent of the fathers and as proud of their achievements, but there is no longer the old-time confidence in the sufficiency of republican institutions, as such, to solve all the problems of the future. There runs now through Independence Day speeches a note of anxiety. Patriotism instead of elating itself with boasts, recognizes perils present and to come and faces them, which is a more useful state of mind than that of the boaster. Discouragement is not discoverable, but it is freely confessed that the doing away with kings and nobles and the basing of government upon manhood suffrage have not brought all the good fruit that was expected by our predecessors. It is seen that great masses of men living under the forms of political freedom are yet subject to industrial conditions which raise them in point of material well-being but little, if at all, above the state of slaves. The question, therefore, is being asked with an emphasis which grows more insistent year by year.

"Why is it, in a republic of limitless natural resources, the rich become richer and the poor poorer?" There is everywhere manifested an increasingly keen perception that exclusive devotion to the accumulation of wealth without provision for its more equitable distribution does not tend to right American development. Though the complaints of the drudging and poorly compensated many are acknowledged to be just even by the enriched few, the curing answer to the complaints has not yet been given.

It is that curing answer which the serious Fourth of July orators, and all thoughtful men, are seeking in this time of disappointment with the results of a hundred and twenty-one years of republican freedom. Wealth is in the saddle and drives the government, and wealth has become so accustomed to dominance, and the use of the powers of government for its own profit, that it assumes a sort of divine right to rule. Consequently, wealth through all its organs displays impatience when this right is questioned, and the orator who on the Fourth of July reviews the state of the Union and pleads for government in the interest of all the people finds himself rated as an envious disturber, if not classed with the destroying Anarchists.

But the voice of manly sense is not to be silenced by the sneers and obfuscations of the plutocracy and of the plutocracy's dependants. While the greatest good is not conferred on the greatest number by existing conditions there will continue to be a demand for change and improvement. That demand, now so strong, is the sign of the vigor of the American spirit, of the national health. The Fourth of July could not be better employed than it has been by those speakers who have insisted on the truth that the Republic cannot be what its founders meant it to be while its money and not its manhood is in control.

It is reported that President McKinley will send to Congress to-day a message urging the appointment of a commission to consider and report a plan for currency reform.

At present it is unnecessary to speculate upon the possible accomplishment by such a commission of the end for which it was created. Commissions commonly are regarded as time-honored devices for evading or postponing an embarrassing issue. Sometimes, as in the case of the last Tariff Commission, they have succeeded in creating scandal; seldom have they done more. At the present juncture a proposition for a currency commission is particularly inopportune. The differences upon the currency question are radical. The distrust felt by one side for the other is indomitable. In the Senate are sincere men ready to stay until Christmas to defeat any measure for the creation of such a commission as the President is said to desire. Demand made upon Congress for authorization of such a commission will reawaken in its fiercest form the currency agitation at a time when the business of the nation desires and deserves rest. It might keep Congress in session until December—the House silent under Reed's domination, the Senate fiercely debating.

We think the country would be content to have Congress adjourn.

Consul-General Gowdy is discovering some radical differences between Paris and Rushville, Indiana, and he is embodying the same in extended reports to the Department of State. Gowdy has much to learn, but what of the patient taxpayer who is footing the bills for statesmanship of the Gowdy variety?

An Indiana judge ordered a jury to return a verdict of not guilty in the case of a man who was charged with embezzlement, but the jury promptly convicted the accused. The judiciary appears to be having numerous misunderstandings with the people these times.

It is really too bad that two such eminent reform authorities as the Sun and the Evening Post are unable to agree on a plan for conducting the municipal campaign. Possibly the difficulty can be settled by arbitration.

That Louisiana judge who sentenced a bank wrecker to eighty years' imprisonment doubtless comes under the head of Hon. David B. Hill's dangerous people, who encourage "toleration of disrespect for courts."

A Georgia woman who made a murderous assault on her husband came very near being lynched by her indignant neighbors. How will the advanced woman like this sort of the "new" business?

Hon. "Jake" Worth has evidently passed the Quilting point in his political career. There was a time when the Brooklyn man was not at all averse to chasing the political anise bag.

Between the heated atmosphere and the scarcity of water it would seem that the hyena-infested districts of Chicago are not the only unsafe parts of that city.

The action of the Republican Senators on the anti-trust resolution is in grave danger of a head-on collision with John Sherman's recently expressed views.

General Weyler's latest invitation to the insurgents to come in and be forgiven has not yet made it necessary to appoint a reception committee.

Possibly Cornell will suggest to Harvard and Yale the propriety of securing reputations before another rowing race is arranged.

Hon. "Jake" Worth is affected with curvature of the nose every time Mr. Quigg and his plans are mentioned in his presence.

Senator Mason has a free-China-while-you-wait policy, but is somewhat backward about putting it into execution.

The wise man will not exercise himself unduly by trying to utilize all the warm weather hints.

The plumed bicycle race is produced by making installment payments on a high-price machine.

## Caddies Strike on Chappies.

NEWPORT golf circles were rent with surprise and indignation yesterday when it was discovered that the entire thirty-five caddies that were in the employ of that select, exclusive and patriotic institution, the Newport Golf Club, had not only gone on strike, but had cut it for New York.

The dear chappies and chappies were dreadfully put to it to know what to do. They couldn't possibly go a whole day without playing their favorite game. On the other hand, they couldn't think of carrying their own golf bags.

Nobody could put up a decent game of golf and carry his own golf bag, don't you know.

It was never so clearly and emphatically demonstrated before what an absolutely necessary part of the game of golf the caddy is.

Matters grew more mixed as the day dragged wearily on, and many a speech was delivered on the insolence and intolerance of labor.

Finally, when the afternoon was well spent, a few recruits were found, and the links were visited, but the day was practically lost.

The caddies claimed that they were subjected to a system of petty fines that would have left them no money at the end of the week, and that they were put in a "pig pen" when not occupied on the links.

The "pig pen" alluded to was a room in the cellar of the clubhouse.

The strike was the talk of Newport last night, and it is not likely that the Newport Golf Club will have any marked success with its caddies until it revises its rules and renovates its "pig pen."

Willie Thompson was at the races yesterday and smiling as though there was naught in all the world but happiness.

Arrangements for his wedding to Miss Edith Blight, on September 8, are progressing.

The ceremony will take place at the Blight residence, in Newport. The bridesmaids will be Miss Alice Blight, sister to the bride; Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Marie Wainwright and Miss Hall.

"Rough Point," the Newport home of the Fred Vanderbilts, was glad with the laughter of happy children yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, who is never happier than when playing the little ones, gave a children's party, and there was no end to the fun.

She was one of the few women in Newport unaffected by the great strike of the caddies.

"Jack" Follansbee is such a rattling good fellow and so popular with every grade of chappledom that his hand was welling with congratulations at Sheephead Bay yesterday when his colt, Muriilo, won a race.

The fact that we all had a bad down on this good-looking son of Morelo enhanced the joy of his victory, but our congratulations would have been just as hearty if we had not had on some other animal.

It was Follansbee's first race this year, and people like him deserve to win at least once in a season. If all the men on the turf were "Jack" Follansbees no critic could pick a flaw in it, however capricious he might be.

The most undeserved thing that was ever said of a modest gentleman is contained in the following excerpt from a contemporary:

"Mr. Tom Cushing will be remembered as having added to his social fame and furnished something of a sensation at the Bradley Martin ball last winter by the falconer costume in which he appeared at that celebrated function."

Mr. Tom Cushing will not be remembered for any such thing. He's a decent man, and no lady in all the Bradley Martin rout was more shocked or blushed more deeply at that same falconer's costume, which was worn in all its startling sparseness by young Otto Cushing.

Tom Cushing could no more have worn such a thing than he could have done the dance du ventre in the Streets of Cairo.

The announcement of the engagement of Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh to Lady Ann Coventry is interesting to Americans in that Her Ladyship's brother, Viscount Deeshrast, married Miss Virginia Bonny, of San Francisco.

The Bonnyes are well known in this country for many reasons not necessary to mention here or now.

They have risen in English society since the old California days, but probably not so high as to tip the nose at their prospective connection, the Indian Prince.

Just from college and with all the freshness that that implies, Messrs. Augustus Jay, Jr., Cyril H. and C. P. Hatch, J. C. Bancroft Davis, H. and B. L. Gerry sailed yesterday on the St. Paul with the avowed intention of "turning Europe upside down."

This is excellent. I hope that Commodore Gerry, as the president of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, will not fail in his duty to sail after the young gentlemen and interfere with the programme.

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, is said to do much service by contemporaneous publications that can't find social ews to write about.

Every day or two her picture is trotted out as the prospective mother of a new Duke of Marlborough. Then follow the histories of the Vanderbilts and the Churchills, and a guess as to when Her Grace's baby will be born.

If the matter is really of so much consequence why not establish a coupon contest as to the sex of the child and the exact moment of its birth?

A woman correspondent—I judge entirely by the handwriting and the scent of the note paper—wants to know the full name of Mr. J. Norman de R. Whitehouse, "whom you call 'Normie'."

On the authority of "Normie" himself, it is James Norman de Rapelle Whitehouse, and a decidedly imposing name it is. Think you it would look better with a "Mrs." before it, fair friend?

Young William K. Vanderbilt is following in the footsteps of his father as a dispenser of lavish hospitality. He entertained a number of friends on board his sloop yacht Carmita at Newport Tuesday night.

The young gentleman's stepfather, Oliver Belmont, has offered a silver cup to be rowed for on the morning of August 5—Fete Day—by local sailors.

When the Mayoralty election comes off in Newport these incidents are not likely to be forgotten. Thus does your wise chappie mix society and politics. Oliver Belmont will yet be Mayor of Newport.

CHOLLY N. FOKERBOCKER.

## REJANE IN HER LATEST, "LA DOULOUREUSE."

By Alan Dalo.

LONDON, June 29.—Unless the exquisite Rejane, who was chilled to the core by New York ice a couple of seasons ago, should return to America, you will never see "La Douleureuse." No adapter will venture to tamper with Maurice Donnay's four-act comedy. It cannot be Englished. It defies Americanization. It is of Paris, scandalously Parisian. It is of the Boulevards, hysterically Boulevardier. And yet, as I sat at the Lyric Theatre last night when Rejane opened her London season, I was furiously absorbed in what we call a "talky" and flagrantly sexual play, because I saw the perfection of polished acting, the acme of pletorial humanity, the very quintessence of stage art made known by Rejane. A few New Yorkers will say that they don't want any more Rejane. Ah! I can assure them that the grapes are sour—very sour.

"La Douleureuse" is a story that suffers from the usual Parisian disinclination for the wedding ring. Everything is illicit—the tide of love flows in unseasoned channels. It is the usual yellow-covered "roman" condition of things. And when the logical Anglo-Saxon ponders upon it, you will admit that it is all very strange. With us, romance and poetry cluster around the wedding ring. With the Parisians, that hand must be removed in order to evoke a non-sordid and bewitching atmosphere. The married woman is never permitted to be happy with her husband. The French playwright or novelist would have a fit and a half if such a suggestion were made. She must rush into the arms of a lover—generally a lover with a wife, too—and it is at the moment of the rush that you are expected to begin your interest in her. Strange, isn't it? Topsy-turvy, don't you think? And probably it is all due to an infantile mental streak in the Parisian cerebral apparatus. It is naughty—therefore it must be nice. Nine children out of ten prefer the history of wicked children to that of the good ones.

Helene Ardan, the heroine of "La Douleureuse," is married. She has fallen in love with a hideous artist named Philippe Lambertin—the usual type of the weak, unmanly, depraved Gaul. The day preceding their first rendezvous husband conveniently commits suicide at a party. The act closes with the announcement of his death. The guests eat their supper tranquilly, as though nothing had happened. "You see," says Mme. Flock, "it is very late. The restaurants are all closed. We may as well eat. The news has not been given to us officially." This is considered subtly cynical and keenly dramatic. As the curtain falls you hear the clink of knives and forks and the bawdiness of the hungry guests.

In the next act the artist is of course free to marry Helene, but he has succumbed temporarily to the charms of her bosom friend, Gotte des Trembles. In this scene there is a good deal of very candid pathological talk—the candid talk of the kind to which I have never listened. I can't say that the conversation is in the least pretty. Maurice Donnay seems anxious to prove that a man may still be faithful to his wife in spite of temporary infidelities—that, in fact, temporary infidelities add a sort of piquancy to conjugal bliss. There is a good deal of this sort of thing, in which Helene herself, clad in very slipper slippers, takes part.

The third act is the act of the play. It is all wrong. It is infamous. It is overwhelmingly unconventional, and yet—yet you sit there, hypnotized by Rejane's wit, in sympathy for a woman who has betrayed husband, lover and self. Helene's friend, Gotte, who has fallen violently in love with the hideous artist, "gives away" Helene's secrets to that alleged gentleman. She tells him that he is not Helene's first lover—that there was another—that he left Georges was not her husband's child. In disguise, he turns her from the house, and Helene enters. Philippe piles her with questions, and discovers that Gotte's story was true. In cold blood the scene that follows would be laughably absurd. Although he is himself guilty he throws her past in her face, as though it were a football. She has lied to him. She has concealed her history from him. She has loved another—and so on, and so on ad nauseam. As he is such a cheap and hypocritical wretch himself, you can scarcely imagine what this recrimination means.

Helene, however, remembers that Gotte was the only one who knew her secret. She puts two and two together. Her friend and her lover have been unfaithful to her. She turns the tables upon him. The whole point of "La Douleureuse" is in this scene. Rejane's picture of the limp and disillusioned woman, of the dazed, the stupefied Parisian suddenly confronted with the day of reckoning, is most pathetic. I have never seen so perfect a piece of acting. It is a slice of life, a cut from the joint of humanity. The characters are ugly, soiled, depraved, shakily immoral, but Rejane's acting as this bedraggled, slumped and slumped against woman, deprived of lover and friend at one fell swoop, will live in my memory forever. Such misery, such abject self humiliation, such blank and irrevocable gloom have surely never been depicted on any stage before.

You can forgive the poor, hysterical play with the cowardly, sex-swayed artist, the tainted, faithless woman, and the infamous friend; you can forget the philosophy of "La Douleureuse," false to all the canons of decency, and the good taste that holds society together. Rejane looms up and fills all the gaps. What a piece of acting! The chilly audience woke up and applauded her frantically. "La Douleureuse" was too bad, even for London, but Rejane carried it to toleration. It was a life drama—fired life, if you like—but in it all the emotions surged and palpitated, and were intelligible.

The title of the play is a slang Parisian phrase—a term of the Boulevards. At a restaurant a Parisian does not call for his bill, or, as Mr. Mantelini would have put it, for "the devil's total." He asks for "La Douleureuse." "La Douleureuse" is "the devil's total," the reckoning. And Helene Ardan's reckoning is Maurice Donnay's total. There is a last act, that I shall touch upon briefly. It was a sop to the theatre-going public—to the matrons and poppers who like to go home happy. In this last act Donnay takes Helene and the pitiful artist to the Riviera and ends them happily. But it is simply a sop. The play ends with the third act and the disenchantment of the hero and the heroine.

No, "La Douleureuse" will never find its way into English. The English language could not cope with it. No American purifier could cleanse such a drama. There is no chloride of lime strong enough to do the task. And yet it is a play that makes you think. There is no law to prevent one's thinking, is there? Perhaps there will be one of these days. This is an age of progress.

## Some Truths About Gas.

THE reported consolidation of the New York gas companies again calls attention to these rapacious monopolies and their enormous overcharges. In a way this consolidation takes away the only pretext for high charges which the companies ventured to advance at the Albany hearing last winter. They claimed that the cost of gas in New York was much enhanced by the warfare of the companies with each other, the entailing wasteful duplication of plants, frequent costly changes of consumers from one company to another, the payment of these items were much exaggerated, there was undoubtedly some force in them, but such excuses can exist no longer. Even without formal consolidation the active warfare between the companies, with its resulting expense, has ceased.

A comparison is therefore in order between the cost of gas in New York and Chicago. About one-fifth of all the gas sold in the latter city is made and sold by the People's Gas Light and Coke Company. This company, on applying to the New York Stock Exchange to list some bonds, made a statement on October 2, 1893, over the signature of its President, C. K. G. Billings, relative to its business for 1892. This statement, printed November 25, 1893, in the New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle, contains the following:

Sales of gas, gross and net receipts for the year 1892, annual interest charges, mileage of mains and of meters and public lamps in service:

Gas sold, cubic feet.....	1,261,311,000
Gross receipts.....	\$1,430,947.78
Operating expenses.....	594,241.89
Gross profits on gas.....	836,705.89
Profits from other sources.....	34,594.71
Total profits.....	\$1,000,000.00
City of Chicago, as per contract.....	\$57,396.10
Taxes and interest.....	23,967.00
Pub. street lamps, Jan. 1, 1893.....	15,484.14
Interest on bonds.....	19,100.81
Charges.....	311,000.00
Total.....	\$387,496.21
Net profits.....	\$612,503.69
Minus, January 1, about.....	33,967.00
Pub. street lamps, Jan. 1, 1893.....	15,484.14

A simple process of division will show that the operating expenses were 40 cents per thousand feet of gas sold. Subtracting from this the 23 cents earned from other sources, such, probably, as rentals from real estate not used for gas manufacture, and adding 6 cents, the sum total of taxes, bonus to the city and insurance, gives 43.3 cents as the total cost of gas per thousand feet in 1892, according to the company's own statement. Whether the 43.3 cents includes depreciation or not does not appear, but it probably does include some expenditure for renewal of pipe, etc. Fifty cents would seem to be a high estimate for all costs, including taxes and a liberal allowance for depreciation in Chicago in 1892.

The cost in New York, in view of the slightly higher candle power, requiring

## The Journal's Notable Service.

Will the World Pay Up?

WHEN the mysterious murder in New York was first made known through the discovery of mutilated fragments of the body of the murdered man, two great metropolitan dailies, the Journal and the World, undertook the task of unravelling the mystery. The World began by offering a reward of \$500 for the identification of the body. The Journal followed suit by offering \$1,000 to the same end. Then both papers unleashed their gifted young men, and inaugurated a riot of detective work. Five or six days ago the Journal announced its success in the field of identification, and declared that the murdered man was one William Guldensuppe, a masseur at the Murray Hill Turkish bath establishment. On the same day the World declared that the victim was somebody else. Next morning the Journal furnished further evidence of the accuracy of the original announcement. On the same morning the World cast discredit and ridicule on the Guldensuppe theory. Saturday the Journal came out with unanswerable proofs. The fellow workers of the deceased, the physician who had lanced his finger, his former employer—everybody in a position to know anything about the matter agreed that it was Guldensuppe beyond the possibility of doubt. Saturday the World came out with a joyous statement that the dead man had been identified and that he was William Guldensuppe. There was a long and circumstantial account of the World's ingenious discovery, achieved in the face of the most formidable obstacles. This article was headed "How the World Did It," and was a marvel of brilliancy and nerve.

Now, it appears, the Journal has paid the \$1,000 reward proclaimed at the outset of the search. Five hundred went to an innkeeper in one of the suburbs who first put the Journal sleuths on the right trail, and the remaining \$500 was distributed among other informants, in the ratio of their authority and usefulness. The Journal, therefore, has kept all its engagements faithfully. It gave the public—the police included—the first accurate solution of the mystery, and it has paid the promised reward of \$1,000 to those who aided in that consummation. But how about the World? That paper's brazen publication on Saturday last was a mere outburst of characterless dishonesty and impudence. All readers of the newspapers knew "how the World did it," for everybody knew the World had simply appropriated the information furnished three days previously by the Journal. The World discovered nothing of importance, but had, on the contrary, moved heaven and earth to discredit the Journal's identification. The World offered a reward of \$500 for the facts—why does it not pay over the amount to the Journal, which gave it the first authentic news, and whose original statement has now been verified beyond all question of doubt or controversy? There is only one honest chronicle the World can give under the heading "How the World Did It," and that would be an account of the presentation to the Journal of a valid check for the \$500 reward which the Journal has fairly earned. Will the World perform this act of good faith and common decency? Well, you just find a nice cool place where you can stay a long time without discomfort, and then wait.

Can Claim a Reward.  
New York Situation.

The newspaper situation in New York is more and more humorous. In the murder mystery that has been the talk of the city for a week one newspaper finds itself in the position where it can with justice claim a reward offered by another paper for the correct solution of a crime. It would be the bitterest drop of all for Mr. Pulitzer if he had to pay Mr. Hearst \$500 for ferreting out the murderer that all Mr. Pulitzer's young men were unable to find.

Scored a Triumph.  
Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.

The New York Journal has scored a complete triumph on the murder mystery.

Performed a Public Service.  
Syracuse, N. Y., Standard.

The New York Journal has fairly won the approbation of the American press by instituting a successful search for the brutal assassin whose crime has been the sensation of the week in New York. In hunting down the identity of the victim, and connecting his death with the mysterious movements of the probable murderers, the New York Journal has performed a real service to the public. Envy of its feat should not restrain proper acknowledgment being made of what it has done.

Journal in the Lead.  
Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.

The New York Journal beat all its rivals in the discovery of the identity of the man whose mysterious murder has paralyzed the New York police authorities for nearly a week. For its work the Journal deserves credit. While the police and other New York papers were following false clues, the Journal reporters ascertained the identity of the murdered man, and collected evidence which resulted in the arrest of one of the parties against whom suspicion is strong. The Journal had all the facts twenty-four hours in advance of all its morning contemporaries.

Dissatisfied Rivals.  
Richmond, Va., Dispatch.

Some of the more or less esteemed contemporaries of the New York Journal are indignantly engaged in attempting to undermine the evidence which that paper has produced showing that the headless body found in East River is that of William Guldensuppe.

General Miles.  
[Chicago News.]

"In the meantime," says General Miles, "I am filling many social engagements." And in the course of even the General will be giving a few \$500 cabins of an ocean greyhound, which in these piping times of peace is no mean glory, if anybody should call you up.

Fistful Item.  
[Chicago News.]

Fitzsimmons speaking, Senator Forsaker could not stand Hanna's terrific blows on his slats.

Disturbing News.  
[Detroit News.]

Defenders of the national honor will doubtless be disturbed to learn that the Iowa Democrats still favor unpacking the Supreme Court.

As to Japan.  
[Detroit Tribune.]

Japan will find it to her advantage to make no bluffs with paper mache ultimatums.

Coffee-Colored Trains.  
[Washington Post.]

In Cuba and Hawaii your Uncle Samuel would have a fine pair of coffee-colored twins.